

The Walter Girl

See comes, she comes upon my yearning sight,
Like friendly beams shining thro' the night,
What tho' thy hands and feet be large—thy head
And countenance alike be fiery red;
My joy at seeing you is past control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to cheer my lightest whim or wish,
And murmurs—
"S'upposest?"

"Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways,
'Erchange my meal you'll bring some of these days."

"O, why procrastinate? Why, why go slow?
Art waiting for the ham-and-eggs to grow?
At length she comes again upon the scene
And beams upon me with a smile serene;
Take champagne bottle popping out its cork
She shouts out—
"Beefsteak!"

"O, fair one, tho' no drinking man am I—
I take some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but thirsty;
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
O, for ice-water, milk or lemonade,
Some cool drink bring me, oh, thou lovely maid!
At last she sees my signal and far off
Shouts at me—
"Tomorrow!"

Come, come, thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal—
Have I come to the end of this, my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
Must famine's tooth forever at me gnaw?
You think I've had enough—not so—not so!
Ah, little of a boarder's wants you know!
If you'd but listen—if you only would!
She answers—
"Pleorud!"

—Boston Beacon.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

The little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties, the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly cut hay pervaded everything, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple-tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square pocket-handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"So'd I, if I wasn't workin' for days' wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragrant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich land-owner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please?" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a makeshift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green crosslights and glinting reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship as he went around to the backdoor, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be asleep, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf. Asleep!"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down, but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't 12 o'clock yet."

"It don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big, wooden clock, whose fat black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebula of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. My head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hay-field he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and keep for if it ain't to see that meals is reg'lar and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon. "But I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty (to the child), wash those potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and trim the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to buying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if everything hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing awfully over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings and let mother tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley quickly, as she touched a match to the

mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last *Gazette*?" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried the wife, "I've just set fire to it! I supposed, of course, you'd read it—it's a week old today, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley. "I might have known without asking! It's waste, and fling away, and burn up in this house. There ain't nothing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother ain't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him, with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband.

"Of course there ain't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofa. I mean to have it taken away tomorrow. It's a deal too handy. What's the use o' my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and hoein' and brushin' 'em, and then goin' out afore sunup to pick 'em, if my folks han't life enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little tremor in her voice.

"No you won't, neither," said the squire. "I'll send 'em over to Neighbor Barton's. His wife's got some snap in her! I declare, it's clear discouragin' for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

A big round drop plashed down into the frying-pan which Mrs. Sadley was just preparing to receive sundry slices of well-cured ham which she had been cutting; she made no verbal reply, however.

"En?" said the squire; "why don't you say something? Sulking, I s'pose, as usual?"

At this poor Mrs. Sadley burst into tears.

"No, Titus," said she, "I ain't sulking. But I feel awful bad today, and it don't take much to upset me. It's all true what you say. I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature, and I don't blame you for gettin' out of patience. But if I hadn't worked so hard all these years—"

"Oh, yes, there's always some excuse," growled the squire; and taking a stray "sample number" of a paper, he went out to sit in the honeysuckle shade.

"I can't stand that roasting fire," said he.

"Then," said Kitty, the enfant terrible, "how do you suppose mother likes it?"

In an instant, however, her fickle, childish attention was diverted.

"See!" she cried; "there come Cousin Mary and Mr. Dallas over the hill! Oh, father, they're engaged. Did you know it?"

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkling eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love—"

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "A reg'lar case o' spooning."

"And she said he was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty, the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder—she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot—"don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains if they do!"

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like Cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such things to her?"

The squire moved uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Mary's eyes.

"I might ha' done," he owned at last.

"I s'pose I was just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty abstractedly. "Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily; and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well-curb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose-cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest foot in a Virginia reel of any girl in the neighborhood. And now, "I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim, faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley church. And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of all these years. Leave off loving her? I han't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't."

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary? Is it really a

settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy. I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color glowed on her ordinary pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work so as to spare me? And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall in place of the lumpy old lounge, and there's one of the hay-hands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style next week, and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know! And yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But you deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire?

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."—*Amy Randolph in N. Y. Leader.*

HOW JAPANESE BOOKS ARE MADE.

An Interesting Process, Very Different from Authorship Hereabouts.

The Japanese author does not write books. He paints them. As soon as he reaches the indispensable minimum of ideas he shuts himself in his study, brightened slightly by a soft light from a four-cornered white paper lantern.

He has before him a polished table, one foot high, on which lie his idyllic writing materials. The paper is of an agreeable yellow and is marked with perpendicular and horizontal blue lines. His ink is held in a rich ebony plate, elaborately carved and with a depression in which the black tablets are rubbed to nothing. The plate also carries five bamboo brushes which serve as pens.

As the spirit moves the author begins painting at the back end of all the pages that are to swing Japanese hearts and heads. From the left to the right of each page his brown hands sweep the brush up and down the perpendicular blue lines. With inconceivable rapidity the pages are covered, with delicate and varied marks from the brush. To a foreigner a volume just fresh from such a hand is one of the prettiest things in the world, and exactly the article to be presented to a friend or patron as an edition de luxe.

But the first success of a work in Japan depends so extensively on the artistic execution of the brush that no author would think of letting an autograph work leave his hands. When finished the painted history, poem, or novel is intrusted to a professional copyist, who knows above all others how to paint words with skill. Besides the expertness of such a book painter the scratching of a European pen or the click of a typewriter seems as indelicate as spitting words.

The next step of the author with the indispensable minimum of ideas is to send the artistic reproduction of his painting to the engraver, who prepares the blocks, wets them with ink, lays on the paper sheet by sheet, and finally presses it down, so that it may take the figures, with a great palm leaf pen. The leaves are fastened together and bound in simple paper covers. Unlike the Western book fancier, the Japanese book fancier cares little for the exterior of his volumes. He wishes no ornament on the binding, aside from the marks of the title in the upper left-hand corner.

The arrangement of a Japanese author with his publisher is astonishingly simple. One recently answered the question of a European on the subject thus:

"I myself pay my publisher. I take all the risk of losses from my works. I could not allow, on the other hand, that any one should profit from my labor."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Longstreet and the Scots.

The New York Highlanders, a volunteer regiment which served with conspicuous distinction in the war, has a new name on its roster; the recruit is no less a distinguished commander than Gen. Longstreet, the Confederate. He was elected at the recent visit of the regiment to Knoxville. After his election he told of his first meeting with the "Scots." He said he was about to meet an attack, and inquired of an aide who was making the charge on his line on the left. The aide answered: "Those Irishmen with the Scotch caps."

"I asked him how they were fighting," continued the General, "and he said: 'Can't you hear the racket?' I could. Just then a squad of men came running from where the engagement was the hottest, and I asked the Lieutenant in command if there was any serious fighting going on, and where they were going. 'Going,' echoed the Lieutenant, 'to the rear. This is no fit place for any man.' From that time my estimation of the Scotch boys rose 100 per cent."

"Yeast—'Did your wife ever deceive you?' Crimmonbeak—'Yes; she deceived me only yesterday.' Yeast—'How so?' Crimmonbeak—'She told me she was going shopping and she actually made a purchase.'—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FOR THE FARM AND HOME

A HALF-HOUR STUDY OF PRACTICAL MATTERS.

How to Judge Wool on Live Sheep—Onions May be Made a Profitable Crop—The Poultry Yard—Household Hints, etc.

How to Judge Wool.

The following, on "how to judge wool on live sheep," is from Town and Country Journal of Australia: The finest and softest wool is always on the shoulders of the sheep. An expert in judging sheep always looks on the shoulders first. A writer of experience in rearing fine-wooled sheep and in handling wool communicates the following suggestions for selecting a good woolled sheep. Always assuming that the wool to be inspected is really fine, we first examine the shoulders as a part where the finest wool is to be found.

This we take as a standard and compare it with the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rumps and the shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from the various portions of the animal approaches the standard the better. First we scrutinize the fineness and if the result is satisfactory we pronounce the fleeces, in respect to fineness, very "even."

Next, we scrutinize the length of the staple, and if we find that the wool on the ribs, thigh and back approximate reasonably in length to that of our standard, we again declare the fleeces, as regards length of staple, "true and even."

We next satisfy ourselves as to the density of the fleeces, and we do this by closing the hand upon a portion of the rump and loin wool, those points being usually the thinnest and more faulty. If this again gives satisfaction we designate all the wool "even to density."

Now, to summarize these separate examinations: If the fleeces are nearly all of equal length on shoulder and across the loins, we conclude that we have a perfect sheep for producing valuable wool.

Onion Culture in England.

The following culture directions for raising a prize crop of onions are given in Garden and Forest by its English correspondent: "The soil is a heavy blackish loam, resting on red clay, and it receives a tremendous dressing of stable manure in the month of October, and, if the weather is dry, a good coat of salt; the ground is then trenched two feet deep, and left until the spring, when a top-dressing of soot is applied. In March or April the ground is raked and made ready to receive the onions, the seed of which was sown the last week in February, in boxes, then hardened off, and planted the first week in May, in drills eighteen inches apart, seven inches being allowed from plant to plant. There are two rows of onions, then a path two feet wide and two rows of onions again, and so on. The beds are top-dressed with well-spent manure, and several doses of soot are sown broadcast during the season; the beds being well watered in dry weather, thoroughly soaked between the rows, the two-foot path between each two drills being very convenient for the purpose. This method of cultivation produced the finest bed of onions ever grown in the United Kingdom. Hundreds of bulbs could be picked weighing from a pound to a pound and a half each, and scores from two pounds to 2½ pounds a dozen bulbs scaled 28½ pounds, and six bulbs 15½ pounds.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

One Way of Doing It.

A man who is willing to listen to the truth and to acknowledge the superiority of one horse over another is not hard to convince that it pays to raise better horses. The trouble connected with getting breeders out of the old ruts in breeding is generally found in the fact that they will not listen to argument. A word on the topic of improvement will bring the idea to them at once that the man introducing such a thought has an axe to grind or something in his own interest to propose.

Probably the best argument with men who are unwilling to heed anything else is to give them a few object lessons. This can be done by raising horses that will sell for two or three times as much money as scrubs. Nothing will open a man's eyes so quick as to touch his pocketbook. This would not be touching the pocketbooks of the breeders of inferior horses, but it would be letting them so severely alone that it would certainly be effective.—*National Stockman.*

Baked Indian Pudding.

A baked Indian pudding is a dessert in which the old time New England housekeeper took special pride, says the New York Tribune. It is doubtful if it ever can be served in perfection without a brick oven. It should be dark, rich in flavor, with a jelly like substance mixed through it, the result of a long, slow baking at a steady heat and successive additions of milk during the baking. Eaten with a rich cream—or with maple sugar, if you wish, melted in cream—or with simply sweet butter, this pudding is a culinary triumph. It is a failure if any makeshift process is resorted to in order to shorten the time of its preparation. It should be baked at least six hours, if a steady, slow heat can be maintained in the stove. If possible use the "old process," not the

kiln-dried meal usually sold in city groceries. The "old process" meal can be obtained at mills and is often sold by country grocery stores. To make the pudding, stir into a pint of cold milk seven even teaspoonfuls of Indian meal. Add a teaspoon of molasses, a half teaspoonful of salt and a large tablespoonful of butter. Pour another pint of milk scalding hot over the other ingredients and stir it well. Put the pudding into a thick earthen pudding dish, for the old-fashioned yellow ware seems the most appropriate to serve it in. It should be begun early Thanksgiving morning in order to be served at a 3 o'clock dinner, as it should be nearly done before it is time to prepare the main part of the dinner. When you are ready to make up a hot fire for roasting the turkey and other cooking, it can be put, covered with a hot plate, in the heating closet of the range, where it will keep at a uniform temperature and continue to work out its perfection. If the dinner is to be served at 3 o'clock the pudding should be put in the oven as early as 8 in the morning and the oven maintained at a steady heat till 1 o'clock, when the fire can be kindled over to furnish the intense heat required for roasting. Then the pudding may be put in the heating closet. We may add this pudding tastes quite as good any other day.

How to Use the Whip.

With a very free horse it is desirable to cautiously accustom him to the sound and feel of the whip lightly drawn across him so as not to hurt him at all, says an experienced horseman. This will prevent him from running whenever you take the whip in hand, and make it possible to touch up a slug by his side. A slow, easy-going horse, on the other hand, should never feel the whip unless to hurt him. Ladies and tender-hearted drivers often do great mischief to such horses by constantly flicking at them until the horse cares no more for the whip than he does for his tail. With such horses a pretty heavy whip should be used, and often used, but so that they feel it and know what it means. A horse that will not move and move quickly to the whip is neither pleasant nor safe.

Among the Poultry.

Feed wheat to the poultry if confined. Do not feed whole threshed oats exclusively. If eggs are kept for hatching, they must be turned regularly. Eggs intended for hatching should not be allowed to get chilled. Mixing a pod of red pepper in with the food occasionally will be found beneficial.

It takes time for the hens to get too fat to lay, and requires time to get them in good condition again. Poultry running at large in an orchard do a large amount of good in destroying insect pests and vermin.

Sorghum seed makes one of the best feeds for growing fowls, especially when they are designed for early market.

A cheap remedy for lice and foul air in the poultry house is to mix a quart of coal tar to 10 gallons of water and sprinkle over everything.

Clover is one of the very best foods for laying hens. Feed clover hay cut into small pieces and soaked during the winter, and on green clover during the summer with their grain.

Millet seed is a good feed for young poultry as soon as they begin to learn to pick up little bits of something to eat, and ordinarily it is a cheap feed.

Many good breeders believe that roup can be inherited; that a hen once afflicted with roup never entirely recovers from the disease and will transmit it to her offspring.

Farm Notes.

Crude carbolic acid is better to use as a wash in soapuds for trees than anything else. Kerosene should not be used on trees at all.

Breeders who exhibited at the horse show in New York city all agree that the business of breeding and training fine horses grows better with each year.

Ice cold water drunk by animals is raised to blood heat with grain and hay for fuel, just as truly as if you burned that fuel under a kettle containing the water.

As in the matter of country butter, so hams, lard and other hog products must be just as good as any other, if the makers expect to find a ready market.

The best colts cannot be reared like hot house plants. They must have exercise; but to have this they need not get their shelter from the leeward side of a barb-wire fence.

The standard temperature for churning in the winter is 65 deg., in the summer 56 deg. Cream always warms up a few degrees in the churning. The churning in winter should be done in a warm room.

The cost of feeding cows in a Canadian dairy herd amounts to \$18 in three months, from Jan. 1 to April 1, while the milk is sold for \$42, leaving \$24 profit for the three months, equal to \$96 a cow in the year.

A nurseryman tells in the Rural New Yorker that he uses with great success small bottles as tree labels. The record is placed in the bottle, which is then closed with a stopper and covered down to the neck with rubber cloth and wired on the same as any label.